

**top.**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28040151) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28040151>.

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Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">anonymous</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-13 Words: 1921

**top.**

by Anonymous

## Summary

"what the fuck does that mean! i am a top!"

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Minx would definitely top George just saying, the donation read.

Georges face flushes a bright red as he reads it in his head, he chooses not to read it out loud.

"Minx would definitely top George" Dream reads, "yes, I agree"

His wheezing laughter erupts in the call.

"Dream!"

He keeps laughing.

"That's inappropriate why would you say that!"

"But it's true" He wheezes harder.

George has a small pout on his lips, obviously not thinking it's very funny. His face going from a light red to a deep rose as he thinks more about what the dono said.

Dream's wheezes start to die down a bit and the stream goes silent.

"Minx would *not* top me"

Dream bursts into laughter again.

"Why is that so funny!"

"One, she's like taller than you" his laughs break up his words "And you are from *twink central*"

"What!" Dream's laughing interrupts him "what does that even mean!"

"It means, that you're a twink George" he laughs even harder, it sounds painful.

"Chat!" George whines "tell him I'm not a twink"

\*Ding\* You are definitely a twink, the dono reads.

George whines loudly "Stop, I am *not*"

"George," Dream composes himself "you know that by whining about it you're proving their point?"

"Dream, I will walk to your room right now and beat you up."

"Do it"

"Don't test me, you're lucky it's getting late and I have to end my stream. Speaking of which, goodbye chat, I hope you enjoyed!"

He smiles and clicks the "End Stream" button.

"Clay!" He screams once he finalizes the action.

"Stop, stop George I haven't ended my stream" He shouts between laughs.

He hears unintelligible mumbling behind Dream's door signaling that he's ending his stream. Once the mumbling finally stops he opens his door dramatically.

"How dare you!" George points at him jokingly "I am *not* from 'twink central'"

"Sorry to admit it babe but you are" He smiles down at the other boy.

"Even if I was gay, *which I'm not*. I would not be a twink I would be a top" he states.

He looks up at Clay to see him holding a hand over his mouth trying not to laugh.

"It's not funny it's true!" George pauses "I bet I could even top you."

"Yeah?" Dream looks utterly amused.

"Yeah." George states back.

"Then prove it" He smirks at the older boy.

In an act of impulse George pushes Clay down on his bed. Clay's amused smirk is wiped clean off and replaced with surprise as he stumbles back onto his bed.

"See" George says.

"That doesn't prove anything, babe"

George's cheeks go red at the pet name.

"How does that not prove it"

Clay smiles "Just because technically you're on top of me doesn't mean you're a top"

"What do you mean?"

Clay pulls the smaller boy roughly on to his lap and grinds up "You could be riding me, see?"

George yelps, "Yeah, yeah, I see"

It goes quiet for a while and Clay is about to apologize, thinking he took it too far.

"Teach me how to top" George says quietly.

"You're going to need to speak up, George"

"Top!" George says louder.

Clay raises an eyebrow.

"Top me, shit! No! Teach me how to top" George is clearly flustered, his voice keeps cracking and his cheeks and ears are hot.

Clay pauses for a bit, mulling things over before he sits up and kisses George.

The smaller boy is taken aback but kisses back with fervor once he realizes what's happening. Clay bites his bottom lip trying to get him to open his mouth, instead he gets a gaspy moan from George's mouth. Not what he intended but by God it was what he *needed*.

Clay pushes back harder into the kiss, finally getting his tongue in the older boys mouth, licking harshly behind his teeth.

Both boys completely forgot what this make out session was "intended" for. George had completely forgot about his need to prove his dominance and had melted into submission in Clay's hands, gasping with every harsh movement and whining at the sensation of the younger boys' hands climbing up his sides.

Both boys were growing embarrassingly hard, Clay had refrained from making any moves other than kissing and touching. George was nervous but his lust ridden mind let him grind down on Clay's leg without a second thought.

Clay realized the small movements on his thigh immediately, he pulls away from George, the smaller boy still desperately chasing his lips, not wanting them to leave his.

"George," the smaller boy whined at his name "Are you humping my thigh?" Clay wore a shit-eating grin as the boy on top of him quickly became flustered.

"I'm sorry" he quickly stutters out, his hips still moving against his leg.

"Yeah? You're sorry?" He smiles evilly "then stop"

"Can't" George's hips are moving faster.

"Why baby?" Clay knows the answer but he wants to hear it.

"Gonna cum" George cries out his words coming out desperately in gasps.

"Really, bubba? You're gonna cum from just riding my thigh? You're so pathetic"

George has pretty glassy tears running down his face and is moaning desperately.

"Clay" he stutters out, his hips moving erratically.

"You gonna cum for me, slut?"

George sobs and cums, slowing down, his head drops on Clay's chest.

"You're such a top baby." Clay laughs at him.

George doesn't answer, his head still tucked in Clay's shoulder.

"I'll help, okay?" George says as he slides off of Clay's lap.

"Help with what bubba?"

He shimmies himself in between Clay's legs and palms his erection.

"You're such a cockslut Georgie, not even a minute after you cum you want my dick in my mouth?"

George whines but continues to pull Clay's pants down and kisses his tip.

Dream inhales sharply as George tries to get even a portion of his dick in his mouth.

"You're too big" George whines as he pulls up.

He puts the tip back in his mouth and goes down more then he should and gags.

"Oh my God" Clay groans as he holds George by his hair on his dick.

George chokes again but tries to go further down and fails, he pulls his head and Clay's hand up and off the bigger mans dick, gasping for breath.

"God George" He pulls him back up to him by his hair and kisses him roughly.

He moves from his abused red lips to suck a mark into his neck, wanting him to know that he is Clay's.

Dreams big hands squeeze Georges hips, not hard enough to bruise, even though the idea is appealing.

"Gonna finger you okay baby?"

"Yeah" George breaths out.

Dream shimmies his pants off and throws them to the side, then does the same to his shirt. He pulls his boxers down to his mid thigh and sticks his fingers in his mouth.

"Wet them"

George obediently takes them into his mouth and licks them, trying to get them as wet as possible. Clay takes his fingers out from his mouth and moves them to his rim, gently tracing as he savours the slight trembles in the smaller mans thighs.

"You look so sexy for me Georgie" he shoves his finger in him, down to the second joint.

George responds with a lewd moan and starts breathing heavily.

Clay works the whole finger into him, soon adding another, then another until he's pumping three fingers into his best friend, drinking in every whine, gasp, moan and tremble that he produces.

"God you look like such a slut" Clay groans out and he slowly takes his fingers out of him.

George whines at the name and the loss of the fingers.

Clay grabs his hips and lifts him up, his hole sitting right above his tip. He gently sets him on his dick watching as his expression contorts from one of pain to pleasure.

"You're so good for me baby" he coos into his ear as he slowly makes the boy ride him.

The dryness of the thrusts slowly fades away the more he moves George, precum coating his dick and the inside of Georges walls.

Dream is grabbing onto his hips hard, hoping that his baby will have bruises there for weeks, hoping that when he gets out of the shower and sees them he feels a distant ache in remembrance of the day he got fucked by his best friend.

He soon stops moving George himself and lets him bounce at his own pace, he prefers to look at his fucked out expression rather then focus on moving the small boy.

George arches his back and hits his own prostate and every sound and word he was keeping in floods out out once.

"Oh my God! Clay you're so big, so good, fill me so good!" He sobs out desperately trying to hit that spot in himself again, he starts going faster pushing more words from himself.

"I'm yours, your slut, your cock slut, want you to fuck me until I can't walk, until I can't *sit* without thinking about you in me" George says in one breath.

Clay takes in his words and tears him off of his dick, slamming him down onto the bed so he can properly fuck him.

He looks down at George who has cum on his stomach and is breathing heavily.

"Did you just fucking cum because I *threw* you?" Clay growls.

"Sorry, sorry" George cries out, shaking "So sorry, sir"

Clay freezes at the 'sir' *what the fuck*, he thinks to himself for a short second before he leans

over George, repositioning his cock so it's in line with his hole.

"You good? Can I still fuck you?"

"Yeah! Yes! Please, please" George begs without being asked "Wan' to feel you"

Clay holds in his laughter when he thinks about how far in subspace the older boy is in, *yeah, op my ass*, he thinks as he shoves his cock in all at once.

He bottoms out as their hips meet then quickly resumes thrusting, chasing his first release, and George's *third*.

George's words turn from "So good!" "So big!" "Harder!" to unintelligible mumbling and high-pitched desperate moans.

His hand presses on the older males throat, watching as his gasping almost doubles, *hot*. He removes his hand letting him breathe for a bit before beginning again, wanting to remind the other boy that he is not in control.

Clay starts to feel the coil in his stomach and starts moving his hips faster and deeper then, *oh*, George almost screams.

"Clay!" He sobs, tears pouring down his cheeks once again "So good, please do that again, please"

The smaller man grabs onto his shoulders and tries to kiss him but it's just a messy open mouth connection.

He keeps hitting George prostate until he cums for a third time, Clay cums shortly after, pushing himself deep into the boy, a strange want to get his cum as deep in him as possible.

He pulls out slowly and watches as his cum leaks from Georges abused hole. He pushes some of the cum back in with his thumb, watching his hole flutter, and hearing as George whimpers loudly, very very overstimulated.

He lays down next down next to George, sweat dripping down his forehead. He looks at his sweet boy, his eyes closed and his hair plastered on his forehead.

"So, sir huh?"

George covers his face with his hands, "Oh God."

## End Notes

i hope you enjoyed, please leave me some feedback and criticism, this is my first time writing smut so it might be kinda bad but whatever (tmi warning ig idk) but you can thank Mr. Zoloft for this fic bc im so fucking horny but cant cum bc idk antidepressants make ur cum machine broken (anyways i luv u guys and i hope u enjoyed)

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